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Date JUN 2 1963

Intelligence Agency Quiet

Visitor To CIA Headquarters Discovers The
Lamb Chops Are Delicious And
Security Very Tight

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WASHINGTON.—Just about every commentator who claims to be on the ball has done a piece about the inside of the Central Intelligence Agency. So here's mine. When you call the CIA the telephone girl doesn't admit that you've gotten through. She merely repeats the number. That has undoubtedly confounded many thousands of foreign spies.

When you drive out to the CIA, which is about eight miles along the super highway to Dulles Airport in Virginia, the turn-off is merely labeled "BPR." BPR stands for Bureau of Public Roads, which, true enough, has its headquarters in the vicinity.

One other thing—when I arrived at the front entrance the cop at the door greeted me conspiratorially as "Colonel." This no doubt indicates that colonels in Army G-2 disguise themselves in business suits and drive around in dirty brown Chevrolets with Oklahoma licenses.

My "contact" in this expedition was my old schoolmate, Lt. Gen. Marshall S. "Pat" Carter, the CIA's deputy director and general manager. I had practically invited myself out to lunch. I was going to pump him.

While waiting for the general to appear, his aide, Col. Stanley J. Grogan, served up the first course and I yanked the pump handle on him a couple of times but nothing came out except some fascinating Army reminiscences. He did admit that there are eight major sections to CIA and his personal pass is good only for admission to three of them.

Sympathy Approach
Gets Just Nowhere

Pat Carter came in in time for the chops and I really started to blow the ground. I mentioned all the

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tography and, so far, an estimated 40 million punch cards.

In short, the CIA relies a lot more on clerks and diggers than on cloaks and daggers.

Efficiency Of Work
Matter Of Faith

How can Americans find out if they're getting their money's worth — whatever that money amounts to? They can't. They merely have to assume that if the president and a handful of top officials are satisfied they should be satisfied, too.

Under Federal law the CIA, alone of all agencies, doesn't have to reveal the number, names or salaries of its employees. It can enter into secret contracts without bids. It can hide its travel expenses. It can admit up to 100 aliens a year without accounting for them to Immigration.

Strangely, we learn most about the CIA from our enemies. It was the Russians who huffily revealed that the CIA had tapped the cables in the main Russian communication tunnel in Berlin. They revel in CIA bloopers, too. Most books about the CIA are written from foreign sources. The CIA neither confirms nor denies.

As President Kennedy said in his speech dedicating the new 42-million-dollar building: "Your successes are unheralded—your failures are trumpeted."

Well, General Carter and I had a fine lunch reminiscing about old school friends. Then I descended with the security officer in the locked elevator, passed the guards in the great marble entryway, and when the cop at the door called me "Colonel" again I saluted smartly.

True, the note pad in my pocket was still fresh and clean. But the noon hour hadn't been entirely wasted. Those lamb chops were real thick.

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